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TO OUR FRIENDS AND READERS.

WE have resolved on an important change in the Tenth Volume of the "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN." We are informed our paper has served the interests of our churches well during the past nine years, and we have been advised by both ministers and laymen to do what we can to extend its usefulness.

ENLARGEMENT.

After much careful thought and counsel, we now announce that, from January 1866, all future numbers will contain twenty-four instead of sixteen pages. And, that an extra trait of usefulness and interest may be blended with this enlargement, we have made arrangements to give every month in its pages

AN ENGRAVING

of one of our Chapels, with a brief sketch of its history and present position. We feel confident our readers will be interested in this department of our journal; and although we continually shun sectarian feeling, yet we need among us a greater denominational interest and a better knowledge of our churches throughout the world. These proposed Views and monthly notices will aid this friendly aim, and from our people everywhere we shall be glad of help in this part of our future plans. We trust every church has a View and pleasing reminiscences that we can have transferred to our pages.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

In addition to the usual matter contained in our pages, the Tenth Volume will contain twelve Engravings and the same number of sketches of our churches. It will contain a series of articles on the LAST HOURS of many distinguished men—Milton, Locke, Newton, Lardner and others, all Unitarians. It will also have an article monthly on "Vital Statistics and Moral Facts." We have the promise as well of an interesting number of articles, incidents and facts in Missionary labour, shewing the moral and religious advantages of our views. This Volume will also contain a memoir of several Unitarian Ladies of world-wide fame.

THE PRICE.

Our friends may possibly be afraid that these changes will necessitate an alteration in the price which might exclude our paper from many homes. It is unnecessary to say a great additional cost and labour are involved in our future Publication. We think our number of Subscribers may be increased to 6000 monthly, and this will enable us to continue to issue the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN at 1½d. The charge will be the same in 1866 as in former years. We may fairly ask all our readers to help us to a larger circulation, as the demand for a cheap monthly paper among us is thus met, and it now belongs to our friends to give it a long and useful existence.

A FREE CIRCULATION.

In other religious denominations their periodicals are helped along by a free circulation. We ask our friends to aid us in the same manner. For £1 sent to us, 200 copies of our paper shall be distributed gratuitously among four of our churches; for £5, 1000 copies shall be sent to twenty of our churches for free distribution. We know of one church that owes its existence to our little paper; and we have the personal knowledge of some families, and the testimony of many others, that they joined the Unitarian church through the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN. We therefore ask all to help us, and we promise the volume of 1866 shall be the best of our series.

OUR FAMILY JAR.

A SKETCH OF EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

Tom and I never quarrelled. Indeed, it has come to be a sort of by-word with the family, when they wish to express an extraordinary degree of connubial felicity, "As happy as Tom and Louise!" So you see our reputation is established. But we did have a little difficulty once, and it had nearly proved a serious one. Even now, I never hear the story of the young couple who were sundered for life by that miserable little rat or mouse, whichever it was, (I always have believed she was right,) without shuddering to think of the awful fate that Tom and I escaped.

But though it was providentially averted, I am going to write the history of our quarrel as a warning to all young couples.

It had been one of Tom's hobbies that people should go to housekeeping as soon as they are married.

"What do they marry for," he would say, "but domestic comfort? and pray how are they to find it in a crowded hotel or boarding-house?"

And as I perfectly agreed with Tom, to housekeeping we went as soon as we returned from our wedding-tour.

We of course experienced the usual amount of mistakes and failures incident to young married people, but at the end of two months we found ourselves fairly settled down. Our sole domestic was a respectable matron of mature age, whose larger half (it was worse, also, in this case) had deserted her some years before, owing to a slight conjugal difficulty, in which, as is not unusual in Irish broils, whiskey had been an important auxiliary. Mother had taken pity on the deserted wife, and, having trained her in all domestic duties, now made her over to me as help. Notwithstanding the numerous failings of her departed spouse, Mrs. Macaully still cherished his memory and spoke of him with tenderness and regret.

"Sure, Mrs. Preston," she would say, "it was partly my own fault. Pat was always quick loike, and I should have borne with his little failings."

And when I mildly hinted that there was a necessary limit to human endurance, she would shake her head with a sigh.

"I should ha' been more patient, sure, mum; wasn't he me own husband, after all?"

I used to come out of the kitchen after such interviews, feeling quite instructed, and I did not altogether like to hear Tom laugh, when I told him of our domestic's forgiving spirit.

"How blessings brighten, &c.," he would say. "He's the dear, departed Macaully now; he would have been, that ould brute of a Pat if he had stayed."

But in my secret heart I thought Tom appreciated Mrs. Macaully, though he would make fun of her to me. It was one of Tom's failings in those days to make fun of everything. One of them! He had another. He would keep a dog!

Now I am not averse to pets in the abstract, and I have an affection for cats; but a dog!—they are my pet aversion. And Tom's dog Rover was no exception. It was not "Love me, love my dog," in this case, for Tom's dog I did not love, whatever might have been said of Tom.

Now when I say that Tom would keep a dog, I do not mean that he persisted in this course against my expressed wish to the contrary. In fact, there had been a sort of compromise made between us. If I hated dogs, he detested cats, and a pet cat was one of my few hobbies. So we signed a sort of hollow truce, and Rover and Tabby became domesticated in our household. They were very good friends themselves, which was a mercy, as they might otherwise have caused a rupture between their master and mistress, each being bound to uphold and sustain his or her respective appendage. But for a while matters went on swimmingly. One afternoon Tom came into tea rather earlier than usual. "Lou," he said, "I have a present for you from grandmother. I had a note from her at the office this morning, asking me to call over there, and I went. She had intended to give you something when you were married, but couldn't quite decide then what it should be; and now she wants me to see to getting it over here. I'll drive around, I think, in the morning."

"But you haven't told me what it is, Tom!"

"Ah, my dear, so I haven't. You re-

member the large jar that always stood in grandmother's parlour, filled with rose-leaves, I believe? Well, that's the 'identical thing,' as Capen Cuttle used to say. How do you like it, Miss Lou?"

"O," I said, "the one grandmother thought so much of because it came from Holland, and has always been in the family? I am delighted; it will look so nicely in the parlour, Tom."

"Glad you're pleased, my dear," Tom said, lighting his cigar. "I used always to be stumbling over the confounded thing at grandmother's; but I'm more careful now I'm a married man!"

I had a few private doubts as to Tom's improvement in that respect, but they did not prevent my pleasure when the next day he brought the jar home. I greatly admired the effect of the blue and white china, with its grotesque figure, against the dark marble of the mantel and hearth, and Tom himself confessed it quite an addition to the room. And when I had filled the jar with rose-leaves, the room smelled like a garden, and my pleasure in the present was wholly unalloyed. It was a week or two afterward, that one afternoon Tom came from the office early to take me to ride.

"Hurry and get ready, Lou," he said; "we have no time to spare."

As there was no mortal reason for our going or returning at a particular time, I could not quite see what the hurry was; but, like a dutiful wife, I made no remarks, and put on my bonnet and shawl as quickly as possible. Tom didn't come into the house at all, but sat on the steps, smoking until I was ready.

"Did you shut the parlour-door, Lou?" he asked, as I joined him. "Rover and Tabby are in the house, and might get in there, if the doors are left open."

"Oh, I shut them all," I answered confidently; "but Tabby could do no harm at any rate, and you ought not to leave Rover in the house, Tom."

"Never mind, he's all right, and I won't forget him again."

And dismissing all care, we gave ourselves up to the pleasure of the ride. It was after dark when we came home, and Tom left me at the door, driving the horse to the stable himself. I went in, stepping into the parlour a moment to light the gas, before going upstairs. But,

as it flashed up, what a sight met my horror-stricken eyes! Alas! my beautiful Holland jar was broken in pieces, the fragments lay strewn around, and the rose-leaves were scattered in all directions over the carpet. "Oh, that horrible dog!" I exclaimed, involuntarily; "I wish he was killed!"

Just then I heard Tom come in. I rushed to meet him "stark mad with grief."

"Tom! Tom!" I said, "do you see what that dog of yours has done!"

Tom contemplated the ruins, put his hands in his pockets, and began to whistle. Now if there is one thing more aggravating than another to woman-kind, it is to hear a man whistle in this way. It is so tantalizing, so expressive of doubt, of disbelief—in short, of everything wounding to the feelings of a sensitive person.

"You needn't whistle, Tom," I said, rather crossly. "I wish somebody would drown that horrid Rover!"

"They'll find it a difficult process, my dear," Tom observed, with a little chuckle. "Rover swims like a duck."

I began to be a little indignant at Rover's master, as well as at Rover, so I didn't take any notice of that remark. Tom went on a little more seriously: "Louisa, how do you know that Rover did the mischief? You should not condemn even a dog without proof. I think it is quite as likely to have been Tabby."

"Tabby, indeed!" I answered, with an involuntary burst of indignation. "How could the little thing have knocked over that heavy jar? Nonsense, Tom; your partiality to Rover makes you blind to his faults and quite unjust to poor Tabby. She was far enough from here, I'm sure. Of course it was your ugly, rough dog."

Tom's face grew a little red.

"My dear," he said, with great dignity, "you allow your feelings to run away with you. Perhaps it will be as well to investigate the facts before you decide. If the door would have been properly closed, neither dog nor cat could have come into the parlour. But the tea-bell has rung, and you had better go up and take off your things immediately."

Now, ordinarily, Tom would have gone up with me, but to-night he took out his

newspaper, and seated himself in an easy-chair, not vouchsafing a single glance at me. This behaviour, with his reference to my having left the door open, was almost too much. Up in my room, alone, I was sorely tempted to sit down and have a good cry, poor woman's usual resort. But there was some anger mingled with my grief, and Tom should not see me cry yet. So I choked down my tears, re-arranged my hair with due deliberation, and walked down stairs with as much dignity as Tom himself.

"Tom," I said, as I passed the parlour door, "I am ready for tea now."

I did not wait for him as I usually did, but I did go through the hall and down the stairs rather slowly, hoping that he would join me. He did not, however, but rose very leisurely, folded up his newspaper, and sauntered along behind me, whistling. It was the first meal that we had not gone down together. I think Mrs. Macaully must have seen something a little peculiar in our behaviour, for she gave us both a keen look; but as she never spoke unless she was spoken to, she "made no sign," but performed her offices at the table in the usual way. Indeed, there was almost a silence in the room. Tom looked highly indifferent, and I extremely sulky.

At last, as Mrs. Macaully, her mission being ended, was about to leave the room, Tom spoke:

"Mrs. Macaully," he said, "can you tell me who broke the large jar in the parlour?"

"There, sir," she began, as far from the point as possible, "ye see, I was at me work in the kitchen, when yez wint out, and for a while the house was just as still as nade be. But bime-by, I hears an awful nize, and before I cud git to the door, Tabby rin by as hard as iver she cud, and Rover achasin' after her. They teared up the stairs as if they was mad, and right in the parlour, and I after them. Tabby, she jist run round and round, and Rover after her, and at last she jumped right on the edge of the jar, and Rover dashed right aginst it, and ouwer it wint and broke all in paces. And so, sir, ye sees," she said, turning from me, to whom she had addressed the main part of her narrative, to answer Tom's questions, "I can't jist say who it was did it, for it was

rally both of thim. I expect it was jist loike all troubles betwane folks—some faults on both sides."

Tom gave a glance at me.

"That will do now, Mrs. Macaully," he said. And our "factotum" departed into her own regions. As she closed the door, Tom left his chair and came around to me.

"Lou," he said, putting his arm around me, "Mrs. Macaully is a wise woman. I accept a full share of the blame for myself and Rover. We're both very sorry, and will never do so again."

"O, Tom," I said, "it was my fault after all; I was very cross, and I'm so sorry."

"Kiss, and be friends, then," Tom said, suiting the action to the word.

And with that kiss ends the history of our first and last "family jar."

BROAD AND NARROW VIEWS.

IN the city of Rome, about five hundred years before the time of Christ, a serious rebellion broke out among the people against the senators. The working classes thought that all the honours and emoluments of the state were divided among the rulers, while they had to bear all the labours, taxes and privations of the state. The sequel of the story is, that Menenius Agrippa went and spoke to the people, and shewed them by a parable of the human body and its members that there ought not to be rebellion among the members of a state because of their different positions, duties and honours. The people were persuaded to peace and industry.—The apostle Paul, in 1 Corinthians xii., uses a similar figure in trying to reconcile the disputants about spiritual gifts and offices in the Christian church. It appears that various miraculous gifts were possessed by the church in the apostolic age. The object of Paul is to shew them that all these are from the self-same spirit of God for the peace and edification of the church; not to be sources of dispute and schism among its members.

There is always some danger, from the ignorance and imperfection of our minds, of running into the error of the people of Rome and the Corinthian church,

and of taking too selfish and narrow a view of the agencies Divine Providence has pleased to ordain for the instruction and happiness of his people. There is a tendency among men to depreciate what they know little about, to speak disparagingly and even condemn the experience of other minds. In one of the pages of our last Number, our readers will find a statement which entirely denies to the works of God the power of elevating and saving the soul. And frequently we have found such-like averments which denied all religious power and grace to the study of the handiwork of the great Creator. These assertions, which render nugatory the display of power, wisdom and goodness in the universe of matter upon the mind of man, are contrary to the whole tenor of the Bible, but they are made to serve a purpose, to call more strikingly our attention to the vicarious sacrifice of Christ; thus they narrow down the salvation of the soul to a belief—many of us think an error—of salvation we have little sympathy with, but we have still less respect for its narrow and condemnatory spirit. Then, on the other hand, we have a class of persons who as persistently hold there is no other Bible for us than the Bible of nature. They believe in God, they reverence and worship Him because of the wisdom and goodness found in the works of God. They are generally as reckless in their assertions about the words of God as the others are about the works of God. This is also a narrow view of the Divine agencies for the instruction and salvation of mankind. We believe the Bible abounds with the inspiration of the Almighty, and we believe the works of God are witnesses of Him; they both, to us, breathe the divine spirit and instruct the soul of man. We find one class of minds exalting above all other means of grace and spiritual life, private devotion. Their life is seclusion and meditation. They are shut out from pondering the works of God. They settle into crypts and caverns and spend their life in prayer and fasting. They care little for what the Bible says or the world says to their souls. Their chief instrument of religious culture is to plod in the recesses of their own heart and sink deep into their own religious

consciousness. No doubt it is well for us all at times to seek solitude, to commune with our own hearts, to be still and know that God is God; and that we need for a season to close our eye to the outer for the better knowledge of the inner world. Yet we know this is but one of the many agencies appointed by God for our religious growth; and if we make too much of this we get into the narrow spirit of the classes we have already noticed. This is, after all, only one branch of religious education and spiritual growth, essential as it is. We find one class of persons quickened up to benevolence and trust in God by their sabbath-day services, their union for worship in the house of God; they cannot believe in the religious life of those who do not sympathize with them in their church fellowship. Others, again, regard all this sacred-day and sacred-place service as a superstition, and they shut their eyes to the piety and moral power that have moved the world gathered from those associations. Here we have other illustrations of the narrow views men take of each other's duties and feelings. One man sees in the natural order of things and history sufficient for his belief and religious life, and wonders that any one should believe in supernatural things, miracles and prophecy. They are quite unnecessary to him. Such a man ignores a law of our spiritual life, and the testimony of all people and nations, that they have been made more trustful and active, more hopeful and religious, by the evidence of miracle and prophecy. They have impressed mankind with the fact of spiritual agency and God-nearness. When the people saw the wonderful works of Jesus, they glorified God for such power given unto men. When a heathen king had his dream told to him by Daniel, he praised the God of Daniel. When the disciples saw the risen Saviour, they were made heroic and hopeful above all they had ever experienced of those virtues. It is simply idle to say the belief in those things has not inspired higher trust, holier life and greater benevolent activity. But then, again, the supernaturalist must not deny the other agencies on the plain of nature and common life. The supernaturalist must not resist the natural, and

it would be well for the religion of naturalism to admit the force of supernatural things. We go for a broad, liberal and appreciating spirit that refuses to narrow down the agencies of religious life into any one special channel or operation. We must be careful not to give an undue exaltation to any particular instrumentality, or we stand in danger of narrowing our sympathies and of refusing to admit things ordained of God for the light and life of the world.

At the present time there is some danger in our small denomination; the spirit of exclusiveness has set in upon us in two directions. We have a class of teachers who would narrow down all religious agency to mere natural phenomena and deny the supernatural altogether. This appears to us a very narrow view to take of the Divine domain for human instruction and comfort. No church was ever founded upon so low a plane, and the failure to carry on the work of the Christian church, and to win and impress the soul of man with such views, will soon correct itself. Then, again, there is another evil to be deplored, and it is the act that would exclude these men from Christian fellowship. This would only tend to perpetuate and harden their unbelief. Many good souls will enter heaven that have never admitted of miracle or prophecy on earth, and we should be slow to drive away from our company on earth those whom God shall not drive away from the gates of heaven. We firmly believe it is best to open wide our arms of Christian fellowship to all who would enter our embrace; and we have much mistaken the spirit of the gospel if any of its commands are opposed to this course. We believe

"The road to heaven is broader than the world,
And deeper than the regions of the dead;
And up its ample paths the nations tread
With all their banners furled."

ANSWERS.

I PRAYED for faith—and over earth and sky
Clouds drifted low;
The night came on apace, with wind, and rain,
And blinding snow,

And on my heart there lay a nameless dread;

How should I go?

I still prayed on—God surely would not cast

My prayer aside,

For He has promised in the darkest hour
To light provide;

And when the storm beat fiercest, Faith appeared

My steps to guide.

I prayed for guidance—and my feet were led

A dreary way.

Down rugged steeps, and over chasms wide,

My journey lay.

A desolate and lonely path was mine
From day to day.

I prayed for patience—and a heavy weight

Pressed on my breast.

The sorrow that I dreaded most crept in
To mar my rest.

Joy's garlands faded, and the hopes proved vain

That I loved best.

I prayed, and God my Father answered me

In his own way;

He sent the darkness, that unquestioning
I might obey;

And after night's drear tempest, find
through Faith

Love's perfect day.

My prayer for guidance, too, was not in vain;

My heart He knew,

And how the path I gladly would have trod,

Though fair to view,

Was not the narrow one that leads to rest

Perfect and true.

And so He led me, in his own good way,
And when I cried,

And asked for patience, then my pains
and griefs

He multiplied,

That my poor heart might sooner yield its will,

To his, my Guide;

And through my tears and anguish claim
this hope,

God will provide.

ON ERRORS IN INTERPRETING THE BIBLE.

By J. D. READ.

PROBABLY the greatest impediment to a right understanding of the Bible is to be found in the warm and frequently figurative phraseology of the original,—expressions which were but common and idiomatic to the languages in which the Bible was written, but which, literally translated into our colder and more matter-of-fact language, acquire a sense which the writers were far from intending to convey. Then, again, the meanings of these expressions have been carried farther from the original ideas by church writers, doubtless actuated to seek the highest possible interpretation to every word, from their reverence of the Scriptures. Much as the religious feeling so exhibited may be commended, the result is to be deplored, for many sad errors in church teaching may be traced to this source.

The warm language of John (aided by an enthusiastic veneration of Jesus among the early Christians, of whose bishops, we are told, "they were more noted for their piety than their learning") paved the way for the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. "The only begotten Son of God" is an expression we find only in his Gospel, the nearest equivalent in the other Gospels being, "the beloved Son." The word "begotten" is accepted by many as conclusive evidence of divinity; we may, however, find the meaning intended to be conveyed by John in his 1st Epistle, v. 18: "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is *begotten* of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." So also (at a later date) the mere personification of the power or influence of God gave rise to the "personality" of the Holy Ghost, under the title of "the Third Person in the Trinity." The disproofs of this teaching are simple; the name is vague and unsuited for a proper name, as it bears the various significations of air, wind, breath and spirit; in one instance, the word "finger" is used synonymously (comp. Matt. xii. 28 with Luke xi. 20). In salutations at the beginning and end of the Epistles, the Holy Ghost is named but once, and it

would have been both impossible and sinful of the apostles to have made the omission some twenty-four out of twenty-five times, had they believed the Holy Ghost to be a Person equal with the Father and the Son. In the Epistle to Philemon and in that of James, there is no mention whatever of Holy Ghost or Spirit.

These remarks are but suggestive of the erroneous views based simply on the literal translation and reading. The instances of false notions "built" upon words are numerous; the following are but a few of them.

Some find mention of the "third Person" in the Old Testament, referring to Gen. i. 2: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The Rev. J. Crampton, in "Our Atmosphere" (Sunday Magazine, No. 38), says, "The expression, Spirit of God, is now considered by the best interpreters to refer, not to the third Person of the Trinity, but simply to the wind of God, i.e. the atmosphere moving in its course over the as yet dark oceanic depths."

Others find it, again, in Psalm li.: "Take not thy holy spirit from me." The translators of the Bible did not recognize such interpretation, as they have not used capitals, necessary to mark a proper name. The English words in this case imply no more than God's influence. The Jew gives even a less poetic reading of the sentence, viz., "Take not my breath from me;" i.e. Do not take my life away, saying, man's life is the breath of God, which He "breathed into the nostrils;" as such, God's, and consequently holy.

The fearful doctrine of "original sin" is supported by a quotation from the same Psalm—"In sin did my mother conceive me,"—a Hebrew metaphor expressing David's deep sense of sin. There exists a Jewish legend giving a literal reading to this, inasmuch as it says that David's father was living in adultery at the period. Such a doctrine was evidently not recognized by Jesus, for he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (Luke xviii. 16). This quotation is also opposed to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, as the children brought to Christ had doubtless not been baptized.

The expression concerning Jesus in Philippians ii. 6, he "thought it not robbery to be equal with God," is often quoted as a proof of his divinity. The comparison is logically unfavourable to such an argument. The sense is best shewn by Christ's own words: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. v. 48). Thus it plainly expresses that Jesus had attained that righteousness which he enjoined to his disciples.

The parables are, by many, strained to an historical or prophetic interpretation, instead of being read as simple fables, intended to convey moral or religious teaching. The writer one Sunday evening heard a sermon at Unity church, Islington, from the parable of the Householder hiring labourers at various hours of the day (Matt. xx.). The minister said it was a history of the Jews; and that the Gentiles, i.e. the Christians, are those who were called at the eleventh hour. A few months later, at the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon Square, he heard the same text described as a prophetic history of the Christian church; that the "Irvingites" were those called at the eleventh hour, and that the millennium would commence in 1867.

A few errors are based upon a misreading of the original language. Some writers find the Trinity in the plural word for God, "Elohim," often used in Hebrew. The Rev. W. F. Wilkinson, of Derby, in a most excellent article in No. VII. of the Sunday Magazine, shews that the Hebrews commonly used the plural form in a singular sense to express greatness, and that the very word "Elohim" is applied to Dagon (Judges xvi. 23), his image (1 Sam. v. 7), and other false gods; also to Moses (Ex. vii. 1).

Some errors have their origin in mis-translation. One text commonly advanced as a distinct prophecy of Christ is, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come" (Gen. xlix. 10). If truly translated, it would be of unfair application, as Judea was under Roman rule before the birth of Christ; but the text should be rendered, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah * * * until he come to Shiloh," and refers to the gathering of the people in the valley of

Shiloh. The word Shiloh means peace, and refers to a valley of that name; for the prophecy it is made to mean "Prince of Peace."

Perhaps the saddest of mistranslations is the word hell. There is nothing in the original which gives a notion of eternal burning and torture. In every instance in the Old Testament the word grave should be substituted for hell. In the New Testament the rendering should be either Gehenna (the Greek form of Gei Hinnom, a valley on the south side of Jerusalem, used as a place of capital punishment for criminals; and, as the bodies were left, fires were kept constantly burning to destroy them and prevent contagion, so they were called "eternal fires," and where carrion is, worms will always be found; hence the expression "where the worm dieth not") or "Hades," the abode of departed spirits, both good and bad.

A curious instance of imperfect translation is the text, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (Mark x. 25, Luke xviii. 25). The "eye of a needle" should be "the Needle's Eye," the name of the narrowest gate in the walls of Jerusalem, through which an unloaded camel could barely pass.

Some errors arise from interpolation; these are difficult to discover, needing much research and diligent comparison of the most ancient manuscripts. Two well-known instances may here be named: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one" (1 John v. 7). This text is not found in any Latin manuscript earlier than the ninth century, nor in any Greek one earlier than the fifteenth century; it is not found in the earliest printed Greek copy (Griesbach's), was printed in smaller type or between brackets in the earliest English Bibles, to mark its doubtful authenticity, and is rejected as spurious by the best Bible critics from Luther to the present time. "God manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16), should not have the word "God," but read in continuation of preceding verse, "Great is the mystery of godliness which is manifested in the flesh." Bishop

Marsh says the word "God" is not found in a single ancient manuscript in the uncial letter. The doubtfulness of the "authorized version" of this text is observed by a note in the "Annotated Paragraph Bible."

These causes of errors in reading and interpreting are noticed without reference to the question of inspiration. The doctrine of plenary inspiration can hardly be held by any dispassioned reader; the inconsistencies would preclude such a view. It is unnecessary to quote many incongruities; but compare the sacrifices appointed in the books of the Law with Amos v. 21, Micah vi. 6, Jeremiah vii. 21; see the evil advice given in the name of Jehovah to Ahab; the two genealogies of Christ in Matthew and Luke; predestination expressed in Romans viii. and ix., contrasted with John iii. and conclusion of James' Epistle; the care for temporal wants expressed by Paul in "Bring the cloak I left at Troas." Plenary inspiration is not held by many eminent Church writers. The Rev. R. T. Birks, in his "Bible and Modern Thought," written as an answer to the Essays and Reviews, does not claim inspiration for the historical portion of the Bible, and admits the liability to error on the part of the apostles.

So we may safely say, with Dr. Colenso, that "the Bible is not the pure word of God, but that God's word may be heard in it." And it is for us to read it in the light of reason for our own edification and profit.

"UNIVERSALISM."

"The tendency of this belief was made painfully obvious to me the other day, by the remark of a little girl twelve years of age, who stood by, and heard two friends speaking of a third.

"He is a Universalist," said one.

"Ah, that is a dangerous doctrine," remarked the other.

"The young girl looked quickly up, and asked, 'Auntie, what does a Universalist believe?'

"That everybody will finally be saved, whatever his course may have been in this life," responded her relative.

"How I wish that were so!" said the child, '*for then I'd be wicked all the time.*'"

THE above is from a late number of the *Tract Journal*, an orthodox paper published in Boston; and it shews the "tendency," not of "Universalism," but of the abominably false theology which had been instilled into the mind of that "little girl twelve years of age;" to wit, that *sin is the source of happiness*. Thousands of children are thus educated. Sin is represented as being sweet, pleasant, delightful, while the way of the self-denying Christian is one of crosses, trials—barren and cheerless. As the pious Watts sang—or indited for others to sing:

"True, 'tis a hard and thorny way,
And mortal spirits tire and faint."

But they were exhorted to remain in that way "to the end" in order to receive the crown. It was the only way by which they could get to heaven. *There* they were to receive their reward. Were it not for the fears of hell they entertained, and the hope of heaven if they but remained in this "hard and thorny" road to the end, they would not have continued there for a single day or hour, but would have deserted it for the ways of pleasure, sin, wickedness. Thus it was with this "little girl twelve years of age." If all were to be saved, she "*would be wicked all the time.*" Why? Because she had been taught to believe that there is more true enjoyment in wickedness than in virtue. Never was a greater error, one more pernicious, or one more directly at variance with the teachings of the blessed Bible. *That* informs us that "*in keeping the commandments there is GREAT REWARD;*" not that there *shall* be in the future world. Nowhere in all the Bible is the sentiment taught that future immortal glory will be bestowed as a recompence or reward for any good we do here, but as a "gift." While it represents sin, wickedness, and all mortal evil as being inseparable with pain, sorrow, suffering. "The way of the transgressor is HARD." "There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." This is what God says. It is what "Universalism" says. And if this "little girl twelve years of age" had been so instructed, instead of being told that sin is sweet, she would never have made the remark which this partialist writer puts into her mouth, but would

have said, "I must never be wicked, for the wicked have NO PEACE," but "are like the troubled sea, continually casting up mire and dirt." The good and virtuous only know the delights of peace. *Gospel Banner.*

KEEP CLEAR OF HIM.

"WHERE'S my cap? I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"I've lost my mittens. Who can tell me where my mittens are? Oh, I'm in such a hurry."

"Lend me your slate-pencil. Oh dear, dear, I sha'n't get my sums done."

"I can't sew, my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Do you know whose mouth this comes from? It is Disorder.

A cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as everybody knows who has the least acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, loses others, and if you keep his company, you will find him a terrible thief.

"A thief! is Disorder a thief?"

Indeed he is; and the worst of it is he steals the most valuable thing you have, that which you can never get back again, that which a purse of gold cannot buy.

He steals your time. He snatches it out of your hands, and runs off wasting it, and there's no catching him; and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Everything depends upon yourself. Keep a sharp look-out, and do not upon any account let him get into your house.

He has been round here. I know a little girl who to-day lost her lessons in consequence of him; and I know of a fine knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers, and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think; so I would warn them to be on their guard. Be careful constantly. Watch your drawers; put away your book on the right shelf; hang up your caps, hats, and coats. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep Disorder out of your house, because I well know it can be done.—*Child's Paper.*

UNITARIAN THEOLOGY.

UNITARIAN theology, the simple and scriptural views of our system of religion, is, in the words of a mathematical axiom, "a straight line, the nearest distance between two given points." Yes, our theology is a "*straight line*" between two given points, say, between God and man, between man and duty, between heaven and earth. We mean there is no bending, shuffling and wriggling, either with reason or scripture. In the nature of things, in common sense and reason, in the language of the Bible, our views of God and Christ, of here and hereafter, need no circumlocution, no laboured defence, no scholastic jargon. We find our views stamped with the authority of the Bible, the best book of the world, the history of the spirit of God among men, the teaching of the Most High. Nor are we ever afraid to bring our faith out to the open day of fair and full investigation in the court of common sense and reason. There it is just like a crystal; you can take it up and examine it, and see through it. There are no dark spots about it that confuse and overpower and bewilder human reason. It is intellectually a straight line, simple and sufficient for any unde-filed and sincere mind. There is no kink or bend in it, no passage winding out of sight and going down to darkness or mystery; it is all open and above-board, so that the eye of a child may scan it, or the intellect of a philosopher find it, like space, ample and clear enough. There is nothing in it that outrages the head or the heart of man. It is simple as truth's simplicity, and as good as the goodness and mercy of God can make it; for it is of God and not of man; it is from the fountain of purity and light, uncorrupted by the impurity or littleness of priests and church systems. What is this faith?—faith in one God, ever-living and a God of love; faith in Jesus Christ, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person; faith in man, the child of God, and in heaven, the home of us all. The life of this faith is love to God and love to man, the fulfilling of the law, and the worship of God in the beauty of holiness.

CHRISTIANITY A FACT.

WE here use the word fact in contradistinction to the word theory. A fact is something that the mind comes to at first hand—it is apprehended. We do not reason it out, but look at it. For example, it is a fact that food is nutritious. It keeps up vigour and allays hunger. We know this. We would not thank any philosopher to give us a demonstration on the point. Argument may go to the winds. Facts do not need argument. Is Christianity a fact in the sense explained? Can we get at it at first hand? Can we know of its truth? Can we see its reality? In any case, under any circumstances, can we exclaim, "We do not want arguments to prove the truth of Christianity. With our eyes open, we want no proof that the sun shines. No more do we want proof that Christ is real. So much we can see and know."

Of course a fact, to be of any weight upon any mind, other than the one that experienced it, must have testimony. You need no testimony in support of what you yourself have felt and seen; but that other persons may believe that you have so felt and seen, testimony is requisite. But it is not ratiocination that is demanded—only testimony is needed. Now look at testimony in support of our statement that Christianity is a fact.

Miracle and prophecy declared that in Christ there was a remedy for sin, and a joy and triumph for those who believed in him. But when John, and Peter, and Paul tried the remedy, when they received and so tested the efficacy of Christ—when they actually found him to be indeed the healing physician of souls, their testimony has a peculiar force: for they testified to a fact—to what they knew, and not simply what they believed. They testified to a fact which worldly men find it difficult to accept, but nevertheless, too, a fact. Indeed, if we were to judge of the experience of Paul in the light of this world's wisdom, we should say that he was a great loser in consequence of his acquaintance with Christ. He was a free citizen of Tarsus, one of the most beautiful and most highly favoured cities of the empire of Rome. He was a scholar, and as such had access

to the most distinguished men of the city. He belonged to what in modern phrase is called "the first society." No doubt it was in his power to have attained a higher position of dignity, fame and influence. His opportunities for worldly success were certainly unusually promising. But he meets with Christ—under what circumstances we need not here recount—and his worldly prospects are at once destroyed! Instead of the praise of men, he received obloquy and scorn; instead of high station, he received imprisonment; instead of honours and emoluments, he received bonds and stripes. In his own words, he literally suffered the loss of all things for Christ.

Now the wisdom of this world would certainly reason, that Paul must have seriously regretted the circumstances which brought him to an acquaintance with Christ. But for that untoward event, he might have had station, influence, the esteem of his fellow-men, and all the comforts of this temporal life. He becomes a follower of the crucified Jesus, and all his opportunities are sacrificed at once, and he becomes an outcast and a fugitive.

It is the deepest proof of a pervading scepticism, or a lack of religious susceptibility, that so few are prepared to appreciate the testimony of Paul, when he affirmed the very contrary of what the world deems obvious. He has no regrets, no repinings, no lamentations. On the contrary, he rejoices in his acquaintance with Christ; and what the world looks upon as nothing but calamity, he exults over—counting all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus his Lord.

Here then is the question. What better proof can we have that there is something real in religion than this testimony of one who had so thoroughly tested its worth? Observe, we are calling attention to a *fact*. Paul tried the religion of Christ. He made a sacrifice of everything in order to obtain it; and he distinctly assures us that he found it worth all and more than it cost. Now here—suffer the repetition—is a *fact*. Here is the testimony of experience. One who has made the trial exultingly assures us that the excellency of Christ is an ample compensation for every sacrifice which it may demand. He goes further, and asks,

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or the sword?" "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

It must indeed be a heart of stone that can read this testimony to the worth of Christ and not be moved. How mysterious and how powerful must be that bond which, at so many risks and in defiance of so many obstacles, can hold the heart of man to Christ—to that religion which Christ has made known! The "excellency of Christ," the truth and the power of his religion, are not questions to be settled. Christianity is not a problem awaiting solution. Its virtue has been tried; and it stands before the world an attested fact—no more to be questioned than any other well-attested event in human history.—*Universalist*.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

BY DURELL DOW.

Nor long ago we attended a funeral where the services were conducted by a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion. An expression in his prayer has been a subject of no little reflection, and in hope of its being of some little interest, it is here given to the reader. Some of the members of the household of the deceased lady had made no profession of religion, and in reference to her anxiety for the salvation of her children, how often she had prayed for their conversion, and so on, the speaker made use of this expression: "O Lord, thou knowest that her prayers for her dear children will come up before thee no more."

At first we supposed it to be a slip of the tongue, as it were, and that he meant to say that in her earthly home her prayers would be heard no more for the salvation of her children. But, upon the second thought, we believe that he spoke as he intended to speak, because

his words are in harmony with the doctrines of his church. It would be a fatal admission to those doctrines, that the mother before the throne in the spirit world will continue to offer prayers for the salvation of her children; because with those prayers unanswered, and some of her dear children lost for ever, the grief of that mother's heart would not only be fearful and terrible in the extreme, but co-eternal with the misery of her lost children. Hence, the only way to preserve the doctrines of the Church inviolate, is to cut off the mother's feelings and prayers in the darkness and gloom of death and the grave, and make her eternally indifferent to the situation of her children beyond the confines of the present world—their salvation or damnation being the same to her, giving her heart neither gloom nor gladness!

Such is the Methodist faith on this point: and now, as to its truth or its error. Is it true? or is it false? That it cannot be true we judge from two reasons: Because we have no evidence, either in reason or revelation, that death is to rob the human soul of the most holy affection—a mother's love for her children—and because we are expressly assured by the words of the Redeemer, that heaven is not a state of indifference,—"I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth."

Hence this conclusion: that a doctrine which robs a mother of her love for her children and her anxiety for their happiness, and which is in direct opposition to the words of the Nazarene, cannot be founded upon the record of eternal truth.

"EVERYBODY AT THEIR BEST."

"TAKE everybody at their best, and hold them there."

If our memory has not preserved the quaint words of this paragraph, we have its spirit, and its sound truth and good sense struck us very forcibly the other day.

How much smoother and easier we might get on with ourselves and others by following this advice! We have—you, reader, and I, and everybody else—our angles and crochets, our weakness, and failings, and faults, which may

make ourselves and some other folks dreadfully uncomfortable. Some people seem to have an unfortunate faculty of always bringing them to the surface. They are, either from some perversity of head or heart, always running against the whims and weaknesses of their fellow-beings, eliminating discord and disturbance.

Now, it is a great deal better to avoid all these things. It is better on the low ground of expediency and comfort. Just slip by, and go round the oddities, the irritabilities, the suspicions, the obstinacies of people, so far as you can. They in their turn will have to do it for you.

Try to find "everybody's best"—the soft, kindly, generous side. A great many people inherit their moral and mental twist, and it's hard to untie these hereditary knots. They don't see them, and although to others' eyes they crop out as plain as daylight, it's best for all of us to shut our eyes to them, as we do over a good many things besides. "Every road has its own rut." Every character has its foibles, to go no deeper, and it is always pleasant to hear a person say, "He or she has their peculiarities; but, then, so have I—so has everybody."

There is sound philosophy at the bottom of this, if there isn't something better and higher still.—*Home Magazine.*

EXPOSITION OF SCRIPTURE.

"Unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—Luke xiii. 3.

THE individuals to whom this passage was originally addressed were Jews, comprising a part of that evil and adulterous generation on whom wrath was to come to the uttermost. Not only the ancient prophets, but Jesus himself, had warned them, that they should be destroyed by the sword, famine and pestilence, and assured them that there was coming, within that generation, a time of trouble, such as had not been from the beginning of the world, when upon them should be visited all the righteous blood that had been shed upon the earth. They had been admonished that their beloved city should be swept from the earth with the besom of destruction, and their proud Temple itself utterly destroyed, so that not so much as one stone should be left upon another. In the

midst of that devoted city, and at a time when these fearful calamities were impending, Jesus stood, and proclaimed, in the hearing of the people, that the time for the fulfilment of these things was rapidly approaching, and their only hope of escape was through repentance and faith in him. Under these circumstances, those who trusted in themselves that they were righteous above all others, so that they needed no repentance, came and told him of those whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices. The answer was: "Think you that they were sinners above all others? I tell you, nay; but except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish. Or those eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell, think ye that they were sinners above all that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." *Likewise* perish! How? Undoubtedly in a manner similar to that of the persons in the two cases just mentioned. How was that? Ans. Suddenly by the sword, and amid the ruin of falling towers. A few years pass, and the destruction so long foretold comes. Jerusalem is encompassed with armies, and the day of its downfall has arrived. How truly this language was fulfilled let the historian testify. The Jews were in the Temple, offering evening sacrifice, when the Roman soldiers burst in upon them, and slew them in great numbers; and Josephus says:

"Now, round about the altar lay dead bodies heaped upon one another, as at the steps going up to it ran a great quantity of blood, whither also the dead bodies of those that were slain above on the altar fell down. . . . And as they were crowding into the Temple together, great numbers perished among the ruins of the cloisters, which were still smoking and hot. . . . The number of those that perished during the siege was eleven hundred thousand, the greater part of whom were indeed of the same nation, but not of the same city."

We need look no farther for the meaning and the fulfilment of these remarkable words, which in direct reference to those whose blood was mingled with their sacrifices, and those on whom the tower fell, said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

MARRIED LIFE.

AT the risk of encountering the jests of some of our friends, both married and single, we, poor lone bachelor folks, must again, in the sincerity of our hearts, admit, even though it be to our own condemnation, that Hufeland was perfectly correct when he enumerated a happy married state as one of the means of preserving health and promoting longevity. We do not feel ourselves equal to the task of examining, as a question of political economy, into the propriety of early marriages; we leave that to Malthus and his opponents; but we do believe that the sacred union thus early formed will greatly contribute to the general serenity of the parties in after life. The mere egotist may be heard to say that his time will be unduly taken up, and his attention absorbed, by the cares of a family. But if system, and a freedom from numerous little petty vanities, be essential to success, the chances are in favour of the married man. His social relations are established on a well-understood footing; the calls upon his time, frivolous intercourse abroad, and the numerous interruptions to which he was subjected, as a bachelor, at home, in a great measure cease. The domestic engagements of one day serve as the measure of another; and he can calculate with tolerable precision on the period to be allotted to business and to study. When wearied by the daily struggle with his fellow-men in the road to wealth or professional distinction, the husband, while finding solace and repose at home, is also enabled to convert this period of rest into one of useful study and profitable reflection. In his family group he is made fully aware of the relations which he has to sustain with the world at large, and of the responsibilities which he incurs, and the duties to be performed. After a fatiguing day's labour of body or of mind, and sometimes of both, he is not driven, as too often happens to the bachelor, into the society of the frivolous—happy if not the dissolute—to divert his attention; nor need his sensibilities, worn down by collision in the crowd or rivals in the career of ambition, be roused by unnatural excitement—the contagion

of folly, the intoxicating bowl, or the midnight revel.

The single man who should even disdain recourse to idle recreation, and should stand aloof from companions incapable of inspiring or of receiving his esteem—whose whole soul should be directed to the onward march for wealth, reputation and honours, and who should exhaust in this channel the disposition to love and friendship, the softer emotions of sympathy and benevolence, will still just escape misery. Happiness he knows not; he feels and he must sometimes, like the unfortunate youthful poet, exclaim, that he has lived "an unloved, solitary thing!" At times he may, perhaps, persuade himself that affections silenced are dead; and that his long assumed coldness and reserve are philosophical equanimity, and a protection against the world's idle curiosity and intrusive pity for sorrows and disappointments which it would never have spontaneously either averted or soothed. But there are moments in which he feels that he is exercising a constraint on himself; and although from long habit he may believe that the armour of indifference sits easy on him, he cannot, after all, remain entirely insensible to the irksomeness of his condition. In brief, neither the fulness of happiness nor of health can be experienced, if the affections and sentiments are unduly constrained, or irregularly and unnaturally exercised; and when, it may be asked, can the feelings so fully and appropriately expand themselves as in the discharge of the various duties required of those who enter it? It will, we apprehend, be found that the greater number of those distinguished men in the arts and sciences, and in the liberal professions, who had to struggle the most under the pressure of poverty and other adverse circumstances, were married in the early part of their career, and during or before the seasons of their greatest trials. Fewer unmanly concessions and sacrifices to principle, fewer examples of cowardly flight from the world by suicide, will be found among the married than the single, in the first eventful period in which a man begins to play his part in the drama of life.—*Journal of Health.*

REASONS FOR BELIEVING SIR ISAAC NEWTON WAS A UNITARIAN.

WE are sometimes asked the reason why we affirm Newton was a Unitarian. Under the following heads we think there is sufficient ground for this belief.

Lord Brougham, who has had access to his unpublished papers, affirmed in a discussion in the House of Lords in 1854, that Sir Isaac Newton was as thorough a Unitarian as ever attended Essex-Street chapel.

Sir David Brewster, who wrote the Life of Newton in 1832, therein denied the Unitarianism of Newton; in 1855, he issued another edition of this book, after having access to the religious MSS. of Newton, and confesses with regret that Newton's religious opinions are adverse to his own, and that Newton was what he had long been suspected to be.

In the published papers of Newton he has fourteen queries about the Trinity and the Deity of Christ which shew his disbelief in those doctrines, and his conviction that Athanasius and others were the inventors of those doctrines.

In his published articles of religion he most distinctly sets forth the supremacy of the Father as the only one true and invisible God, and the subordination of Jesus Christ to the Father. He says, "It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any but the Father."

In the "Annals of Philosophy," by Dr. Thomas Thomson, from the history of the Royal Society, the writer of those annals says that "Newton's religious opinions were not orthodox. For example, he did not believe in the Trinity."

The great body of Newton's papers are retained by the Earl of Portsmouth, and are not allowed to be published. Dr. Pellett and Bishop Horsley, both Trinitarians, examined them and declared against their publication. Through the interest of Lord Brougham, Sir David Brewster was allowed to see those papers, and set this matter at rest about Newton's heterodox views.

The celebrated honest William Whiston and Hopton Haynes, both intimate friends

of Newton's, declared the sentiments of this great and good man were Unitarian.

Hopton Haynes affirmed that Newton said to him, "The time will come when the doctrine of the incarnation would be exploded as an absurdity," and also that he did not believe in the pre-existence of Christ.

Newton said, "I love to take up with what I can best understand. It is the temper of the hot and superstitious part of mankind in matters of religion ever to be fond of mysteries, and for that reason to like best what they understand least."

Again, he says, "In all that vehement, universal and lasting controversy about the Trinity in Jerome's time, and both before and long enough after it, this text of the "Three in heaven" was never once thought of. It is now in everybody's mouth, and accounted the *main text for the business*, and would assuredly have been so too with them had it been in their books."

Newton wrote an elaborate treatise and sent it to John Locke, and it was afterwards published, exposing the injustice of retaining two texts in the Scriptures, interpolations of the original—1 John v. 7, adduced as evidence of the Trinity, and 1 Tim. iii. 16, adduced as evidence for the Deity of Christ. Learned men of all churches agree he executed this task most faithfully, and that our common version should be altered.

In that treatise, nor in any other, he never once admits his belief in the doctrines of the Trinity or the Deity of Christ, but says in reference to the baptismal text, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost,"—"the place from which they tried at first to derive the Trinity." "*They tried*"—an extraordinary expression if he had believed in the doctrine of the Trinity.

These and other reasons could be set down for the purely Unitarian faith of this pious man and great philosopher. It is no small thing to be able to say that the three foremost men of all the world for varied and deep learning, profound philosophy and biblical knowledge, as well as their acquaintance with the early history of the Christian church, were Unitarians,—we mean Milton, Locke and Newton.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A QUARTER OF A MILLION OF UNITARIAN TRACTS.—The Rev. J. P. Hopps, of Dukinfield, is labouring for the issue of the above number of his excellent tract, "What do we as Unitarians believe?" This will be the largest and cheapest lot of tracts ever known among us. We have ordered *ten thousand* for our neighbourhood. To all who wish for the diffusion of our views we say, "Go and do likewise."

THE PRESIDENT'S RELIGIOUS HABITS.—Rev. Mr. Adams, of Philadelphia, in his late Thanksgiving discourse, gave an account of a call he made on the President. It will be reassuring to those who have had doubts as to the Christian character of the President. Mr. Adams says: "Morning came, and I hastened my toilet, and found myself at a quarter to five in the waiting-room of the President. I asked the usher if I could see Mr. Lincoln. He said I could not. 'But I have an engagement to meet him this morning.' 'At what hour?' 'At five o'clock.' 'Well, sir, he will see you at five.' I then walked to and fro for a few minutes, and hearing a voice as if in grave conversation, I asked the servant, 'Who is talking in the next room?' 'It is the President, sir.' 'Is anybody with him?' 'No, sir, he is reading the Bible.' 'Is that his habit so early in the morning?' 'Yes, sir, he spends every morning from four o'clock to five in reading the Scriptures and praying.'"

Too PERSONAL.—A case was tried at Elgin which deserves notice. A worthy Dissenting minister in the neighbourhood, while denouncing the practical heathenism of the age, as shewn by people not attending church, named two families as being in that state. An action for defamation of character was raised against the minister by the parties named, and the minister was glad to compromise the matter by making ample apology and paying expenses.

A CHILD'S BLUNDER.—Little Mary B. was in the habit of saying a prayer every morning which closed with—"Oh God, accept me through thy Son." One very sultry morning in July she repeated the prayer as usual, but concluded it with—"Oh God, accept me *through the moon*." Her mother told her that was wrong. "Oh, mamma, I want to go *through the moon*, the sun is too hot!"—*Little Pilgrim*.

MR MOTHER.—A Sunday-school teacher, speaking one day to his children upon the depravity of the human heart, asked them if they knew any one who was always good. One of the class, prompted by simple and childlike affection, instantly replied, "Yes, sir—my mother."

KINDNESS.—Kind offices are at all times needed; for there are always sick ones, poor ones, besides dear ones, to make happy by kindness; and it goes further towards making home happy than anything else.

REBELLION'S LOSS.—It has been calculated that the Southern States of America have lost by the rebellion no less than fifteen hundred millions of pounds sterling. We hope they have gained wisdom and better institutions; if so, they will have gained on the whole.

IS THE PURSE CONVERTED?—A Methodist labourer in Wesley's time, Captain Webb, when any one informed him of the conversion of a rich man, was in the habit of asking, "*Is his purse converted?*" Without the conversion of *his purse*, the good captain could give no credit to the conversion of the man. In this he agreed with Dr. Adam Clarke, who used to say, "He did not believe in the religion that costs a man nothing." The religion that costs a man nothing is no religion at all; and the being converted, *all but the purse*, is no conversion at all.

CREDIT IN HEAVEN.—Jeems was a door-keeper at the United Presbyterian church in Broughton Place, Edinburgh. On one occasion, after a charity sermon, one of the congregation by accident put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, and starting back at its white and precious face, asked to have it back. But Jeems, who held the plate, said, "In once, in for ever." "A weel, a weel," grunted the unwilling giver, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!" Jeems hit the nail on the head when he hit the stingy Scotchman. It is precious little "credit" that anybody will get in heaven; but it is well to bear in mind that God looks on the heart, and judges us by the motives that prompt our action. Doing good by accident, or to be seen of men, or to serve ourselves, will not help us in heaven's court. We cannot make a penny pass for a pound in the sight of God. We shall get credit only for what we mean to do.

WHY HE COULDN'T.—I read lately of a boy, you may name him John if you like, who ran into the house one evening and said, "Mother, Willie played truant this afternoon, and he wanted me to go too, but I couldn't." "Couldn't? why not, my son?" "Because," said little John, throwing his arms most lovingly around his mother's neck, "I thought it would make you so sorry, and that is why I couldn't."

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